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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I HARDLY know a more unfortunate circumſtance which can happen to a young man than that of being too handſome: it is a thouſand to one that in the courſe of his education he loſes the very dignity of his ſex and nature. During his infancy, his father himſelf will be too apt to be pleaſed with the delicacy of his features; his mother will be in raptures with them; and every ſilly woman who viſits in the family, will continually lament that maſter was not a girl, for "what a fine crea-

"ture

" ture would he have made!" If he goes to ſchool he will be perpetually teized by the nick-name of Miſs Molly; and, if he has not great reſolution, be obliged to become the moſt miſchievous imp of the whole fraternity, merely to avoid the harder imputations of fear and effeminacy. When he mixes amongſt men, the imperfections of his education will ſtill ſtick cloſe to him; the bar itſelf will hardly cure him of ſheepiſhneſs, or the cockade defend him from the appearance of cowardice. His very excellencies (if he has them) will ſeem virtues out of nature; they will be the wiſdom of a CORNELIA, or the heroiſm of a SOPHONISBA. Nay, were we to ſee him mount a breach, I am afraid that inſtead of thoſe noble eulogies and exclamations which ſhould properly attend a hero in ſuch circumſtances, we ſhould only cry out with Mrs. Clerimont in the play, " O the " brave pretty creature!"

SUCH are the calamities, Mr. Fitz-Adam, which almoſt neceſſarily attend on male beauty; and ſo pernicious ſometimes are it's conſequences, that I have more than once been tempted to wiſh ſome method could be found out which might extirpate it entirely. What ſtateſmen, what generals, what prelates may we have loſt, merely by the misfortune of a fine-complexion? It is with infinite concern that I frequently look round me in public aſſemblies, and ſee ſuch numbers of well-dreſt youths, who might really have been of uſe to themſelves, and to mankind, had their parents taken the INDIAN method of marking their faces to diſtinguiſh their quality. As it is, their unlucky perſons have led them aſtray into pertneſs and affectation, under a notion of politeneſs; and what ought to have been ſenſe and judgment,

ment, is at beſt but a genteel taſte in trifles. Thoughtleſs man! (have I ſometimes ſaid to myſelf, when the melancholy mood was on) how blind is he to futurity! Little do theſe flutterers think, while their ſummers are dancing away in dangling to Ranelagh with lady Biddy and lady Fanny, that the cold uncomfortable winters of their life muſt at laſt terminate in pratling ſcandal, and playing at quadrille with lady Bridget, and lady Frances!

——————Their way of life
Is fallen into the ſear, the yellow leaf:
And that, which ſhould accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
They muſt not look to have.

SURELY, Mr. Fitz-Adam, the preventing ſuch misfortunes might very well become your care, if not that of the legiſlature. Everybody knows that there was a time, even in a Roman army, when "aim at their "faces" was as dreadful a ſound, and attended with as fatal conſequences, as "keep your fire" was on a late glorious occaſion. Now, though I would by no means inſinuate that a beau muſt be a coward; nay, though the world has furniſhed us with many examples of very finical men who were very great heroes; yet as it might perhaps be better, even in time of peace, that men ſhould not attend ſo entirely to their perſons, I would endeavour to ſtrike at the root of the evil. It is, I believe, admitted as a truth in inoculation, that the part where the inſertion is made, is uſually the fulleſt of any part of the body. I would propoſe therefore, with regard to our male children, that we ſhould follow the original Circaſſian manner, and "aim at their faces." A

general

general practice of this kind might be extremely uſeful to the ſtate: the literary world would I am ſure be the better for it; for what mother could be averſe to having her ſons taught to read, when perhaps the eye laſhes were gone, and the eyes themſelves no longer worth preſerving? Conſiderations of this ſort will I hope induce ſome projector by profeſſion to undertake the affair, and draw up, what may properly enough be ſtiled, "a ſcheme for raiſing MEN for the ſervice "of the public."

I MUST however do juſtice to the fair youths of the preſent age, by confeſſing that many of them ſeem conſcious of their imperfections; and, as far as their own judgments can direct them, take pains to appear manly. But, alas! the methods they purſue, like moſt miſtaken applications, rather aggravate the calamity. Their drinking and raking, only makes them look like old maids. Their ſwearing is almoſt as ſhocking as it would be in the other ſex. Their chewing tobacco not only offends, but makes us apprehenſive at the ſame time that the poor things will be ſick. When they talk to common women as they paſs them in the Mall, they ſeem as much out of character as Mrs. Woffington in Sir Harry Wildair, making love to Angelica. In ſhort, every part of their conduct, though perhaps well intended, is extremely unnatural. Whereas if they would only ſpend half the pains in acquiring a little knowledge, and practiſing a little decency, we might perhaps be brought to endure them; at leaſt, we ſhould be leſs ſhocked with their beauty.

WHEN I look back on what I have written, I am a little afraid that my zeal for the public may have hurried me

me too far; for as we are taught to pity natural defects, we ought to be tender of blaming the errors they occaſion. But what ſhall we ſay, Mr. Fitz-Adam, to another ſet of animals, whom nature certainly deſigned for men, and made, as Mr. Pope ſays, "*their ſouls bullet, and their* "*bodies buff?*" When theſe louts of ſix feet high, with the ſhoulders of porters, and the legs of chairmen, affect "*to liſp, and to amble, and to nick-name God's* "*creatures*", ſurely we may laugh at ſuch incorrigible ideots. The fair youths of a leſs gentle deportment, aim at leaſt at what they imagine to be manly: but theſe dairy maids in breeches leave their ſex behind them at their firſt ſetting out, and give up the only qualities which they could poſſibly be admired for.

Any one who is converſant in the world muſt have ſeen numbers of this latter ſort; ſome of them tripping, others lolloping in their gait (if I may be allowed ſuch expreſſions) and many of them ſo very affected, that they cannot even ſee with their eyes, but at moſt pinker through the laſhes of them, when they would languiſh in public at ſome miſtreſs of theirs and the whole town's affections. Their voices too have a peculiar ſoftneſs and are ſcarce ever raiſed, unleſs it be at the playhouſe to make an appointment for the King's-arms, or to diſpatch an orange wench on a meſſage to a balcony.

In ſhort, Mr. Fitz-Adam, what with natural and acquired effeminacy, the preſent age ſeems an age of affectation. The whole head is weak, and the whole heart ſick. And yet (that I may not leave your readers with diſagreable ideas in their minds) notwithſtanding theſe alarming appearances, the eye of a philoſopher can ſtill trace out ſomething to counterballance